# Holt County Sentinel.

A WEEKLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER. MOTTED AND PUBLISHED BY CHAS. W. BOWMAN,

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11 Cought Wenkingss, wetting bed.
12 Cought Wenkingss, wetting bed.
13 Tainful Periods, with Spassiss.
15 Merrings Wenkingss, setting bed.
15 Pilepsy, Spassins, St. Vitus Dance.
1 Diphtheria, ulcerated sore throat.

FAMILY CASES
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of \$5 to 60 large Vials, morocco or resewood case, containing a specific for every ordinary dis-case a family is subject to, and books of directions

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GRAVES & TRUETT, Dry Goods, Groceries Boots, Shoes, Hate, Caps, Notions, House furnishing Goods. Produce bought.

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FALL TRADE 1868.

# S. & R. C. WATSON,

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LOW AS ANY OTHER HOUSE A full assertment of the above for sale in by SAVILLE & REID. MEYER BRO'S A. D., S. LOUIS, Wholesele Agente.

(iv pā ly)

# Holt County Sentinel.

Old Times.

Bankers and Dealers in Exchange, BY B. P. TATLOR. and REAL ESTATE, There's beautiful song on the slumberous at That drifts through the val'ey of dreams; It comes from a clime where the roses were, And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair That waved in the morning beams. OREGON, MO. Do a general Banking business. Deposits reestred. Collections made: Deposits repositive property p

soft eyes of ature and eyes of brown, And snow-white heads are there; A glimmering cross and a glittering crown, A thorny bed and a couch of down, Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer; WOULD SAY to the public that my stock of wall Paper and Window Shades is complete, and is the largest and best selected stock west of St. Louis, which I will sell at the lowest price at wholesale and retail.

Husiness on 3d Street, between Edmond and Pellx.
ST. JOSEVH, MO.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods, sweet wafts from the quivering pines— Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods, A bubble of brookles, a seen tof buds, Bird warbles and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand, A ring and a slighted vow— Three golden links of a broken band, A finy track on the snow-white sand, A tent and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful of That sobs on the slumberous air, And a lonliness felt in the festive throng. Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along, From a clime where the roses were. We heard it first at the dawn of day, And it mingled with matin chimes; But years have distanced the beautiful lay, And its melody floweth from far away, And we call it, now, old times.

Gone Before.

There's a heautiful face in the silent air, Which follows me ever and near, With smiling eyes and amber hair, With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold, Lie low in a murble sleep; I stretch my arms for the class of old, lint the empty air is strangely cold, And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown And a cross laid down in the dust; There's a smile where never a shade comes no And tears no more from these dear eyes flow, So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and animer is coming again, Singing her same old song; But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain, As it floats in the sunshine and the rain, O'er hearts of the world's great throng

There's a beautiful region above the skies, And I long to reach its shore, For I know I shall find my treasure there, The lamphing eyes and amber air Of the loved one gone before.

#### I'll not Forget. BY MRS. WILKINSON.

Not I'll not forget the, durling, Though thy bed be lowly made, And the daisies on thy bosom With the snumer's bloom will fade. Though our little one may never Breathe again a fathers name, Yet I'll not forget thee, durling, Yet I'll tove thee all the same!

No! I'll not forget thee, darling, Though the collin claims the now, With the carit upon thy bosom, And the dust upon thy brow. Though the pallid lips may never Ope again my heart to cheer, Yet I'll ne'er forget to love thre, Dearest, as I loved the here!

### LOVE, A GIVER.

"You're a selfish man!"

The words leap out with a quick, angry impulse. There was a frown upon the beautiful face, and a flame, that was not of love, in the bright eyes.

If the soft hand, laid so trustingly in his, scarcely three months before, had struck him a stunning blow, Alfred Williston could not have been more surprized, or hurt. "Selfish!" It was the first time that sin had been laid at his door. "He's a generous fellow." "There most unselfish man alive." "There's not a mean trait in his character." Such "You're a selfish man!" most unselfish man alive." "There's not a mean trait in his character." Such things had been said of him over and over again, and repeated in his cars by partial and interested friends, until he almost believed himself the personification of unselfishness; and now, to be called a selfish man by the rosebud mouth that looked as if made only for kisses; to be called a selfish man by her to whom he had given all he had in the world, and himself in the bargain. No wonder Al-fred Willisten stood dumb before his

fred Whitstell stood and for good wife.

The accusation was made, and for good or evil, it must stand. No taking back the words could take back their meaning. "You're a selfish man," had been cut, by sharply uttered tones, deep into his memory, and there the sentence would remain. He did not attempt to meet the charge. To have done so, would have

remain. He did not attempt to meet the charge. To have done so, would have been felt as a degredation.

"Good morning," dropped coldly from his lips; and he went away, without offering the usual parting kiss. It was showery at home, and cloudy at the office, for the greater part of the forenoon.

"What's the matter, my friend? You look as sober as a judge on sentenceday," remarked an acquaintance who called on Williston. day," remarked an acquaintance was called on Williston. "I look about as I feel," was moodily

AVE PROVED, FROM THE MOST AMPLE experience, an entire success. Simplempt—Efficient and Reliable. They are the object that mistakes cannot be made in using them; as missa as to be free from danger, and so efficient to be always reliable. They have raised these commendation from all, and will always der satisfaction. answered.

"Heigh-ho! moon in the rainy quarter already," rejoined the visitor familiarly, with a sly, provoking laugh.

Williston turned his face aside, that its expression might be concealed.

"Sunshine and shadow, summer and winter; you will have these alterations like the rest of mankind, and must learn to hear them with philosophy."

like the rest of mankind, and must learn to bear them with philosophy."
"Do you think me a yety selfish man, Edward?" asked Williston, turning upon his friend a serious face.
"Selfish! oh, dar! no, not very selfish. I have heard you called the most unselfish man alive. But we are more or less selfish, you know; born so, and can't help it, unless we try harder than is agreeable to most people.

agreeable to most people.

"There was a time when I had a very good opinion of nyself, as touching things; but I grow as and less satisfied every day, and am settling down into the conclusion that am no better than my neighbors."

the conclusion that sam no better than my neighbors."

"Well, I despise it selfish man. He's the meanest man alite!" Williston spoke with a glow of india ation.

"He's mean just in he degree that he's selfish," replied the ficua; "and as we are all more or les mean, I don't see how we are to go away from that conclusion."

Williston kait his prow like one annoved or perplexed.

williston knit his brow like one annoyed or perplexed.
"Has any one cared you selfish?"
ssked the friend.
"Yes."
"Who? The little darling at home?
Ha! I see it. That the trouble."
The young husband's deepening color betrayed the fact.
"She called you selfish! Ha! Good for

betrayed the fact.

"She called you selfish! Ha! Good for Margary! Not afraid to give things their proper names. I always knew she was a girl of spirit! Selfish! That's interesting! And did you really think that you were unselfish?"

This half-in-sport, half-in-earnest speech had the effect intended. A slight glimpse of himself, as seen by another's eye, gave Williston a new impression, and let in a doubt as to his being alto gether perfect.

gether perfect.
"And you think me selfish?" he said in a tone of surprise. "Well, I guess there has been a new dictionary published of late."

OREGON, MO., JANUARY 15, 1869.

down into your mean,
friend.
"My eyes, perhaps, are not quite as
sharp as yours," said Williston. "I don't
find the definition there."
"May be I can belp you to a clearer
vision. Why did you marry Margary?"
"Because I loved her."
"Are you quite sure?" asked his

"Hecause I loved her."
"Are you quite sure?" asked his
friend, with provoking calmness.
"Take care, Edward, or I shall get an-

a ripe peach, and climbs after it that he may enjoy its flavor. In what did your love of Margary differ from the boy's love of the peach? Was it to bless the sweet maiden, to give her yourself, that you sought her with a lover's ardor? or, was it to bless vourself? Did you think how much she would enjoy your love—how much happiness you might give her? or, did you think chiefly of your own joy? Don't frown so. Pat away that injured look. Go down, like a man, into your conscience, and see how it really is. If you find all right, then you stand firm in screne self approval; if it

ally is. If you find all right, then you stand firm in screne self approval; if it is not all right, then you know what to do. Love seeks to bless its object—is all the while endeavoring to minister delight—is a perpetual giver."

The hot flushes began to die out of Williston's face. He was looking down into his heart, and getting some new revelations of himself, and they were not satisfactory. How had he loved Margary? What had been the quality of his love? Never before had such questions introduced themselves; never before had he found queries so difficult to answer. A deep sigh attested his disappointment

little will in everything."

"You have said it, my friend. Noth-

"You have said it, my friend. Nothing can possibly please me so much as to see her gratified."

"No great self denial in all this, however. In the case supposed, you are entirely able to give what Margary asks for, and no special love of money comes in to chill your ardor. It is the easiest thing in the world to meet her wishes thing in the world to meet her wishes; but let us take some other case. There is to be a musical party at our friend Watson's. You care but little for music, and less for musical people. The case is different with Margary. With music and musical people she is in her element. You come home with a new book from a favorite author, promising yourself an evening of enjoyment in yourself an evening of enjoyment in reading aloud to your wife. She meets you with a face all aglow, and in her hand a note of invitation from the Watshe exclaims in her enthusiasm. Now comes the true test of your love, and now its quality must stand revealed. If she had known about the book, and the

"Yes."
"Who? The little darling at home?
In! I see it. That the trouble."
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"She called you selfish! Ha! Good for dargary! Not afraid to give things heir proper names. I always knew she heir proper names. I always knew she was a girl of spirit! Selfish! That's increasing! And did you really think hat you were unselfish?"
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"And you think me selfish?" he said a tone of surprise. "Well, I guess here to have been a new dictionary published of late."
"So far as the word is concerned, the limbs of his virtues. Self-denial he had."
"I didn't pursoo the conversation," "I didn't pursoo the conversation,"

heart is the most reliable dictionary. If you wish to get the true definition, look down into your heart," replied the friend.

"My eyes, perhaps, are not quite as there are not quite as the property of the

done so at a considerable sacrifice of feeling.

"Dear Margary," he said, speaking of himself in this state, "the tramp of my heedless foot must have been crushing, to have extorted that cry of pain; for your charge of selfishness was but the voice of suffering that could not be repressed. Many times have I trampled upon, many times wounded the love given me so lovingly; but never before did the bruised heart reveal its anguish."

The tears that gushed from the eyes of

"Take care, Edward, or I shall get angry."

"Oh, no; you're too sensible, and too well poised for that. Answer my question. Are you quite sure?"

"As sure as death."

"It is my opinion that you married because you loved yourself more than you did Margary."

"Now, this goes beyond all endurance!" exclaimed Williston. "Is there a conspiracy against me?"

"Gently, gently, my friend. The mind is never clear when disturbed. You loved Margary. There is no doubt in the world of that; loved her, and loved her dearly; but is your love unselfish? That is the "Gently, gently, my friend. The mind is never clear when distribed. You loved Margary. There is no doubt in the world of that; loved her, and loved her dearly; but is your love unselfish? That is the great question now at issue. A boy loves a ripe peach, and climbs after it that he may enjoy its flavor. In what did your love of Margary differ from the boy's love of the peach? Was it to bless the ed. She did not find everything in the

her heart, and she could see into some of the hidden places never before revealed. She did not find everything in the beauty and order imagied to exist.

She was not so loving and unselfish as she had imagined herself to be. Then there came a new gush of tears, but the rain was gentler, and, instead of desolating, refreshed the earth of her mind.

"I have thought more of my own gratification than of his," she began to say within herself. "His tastes differ in many things from mine. What I enjoy may be irksome to him. If I insist upon having my own enjoyments, regardless of how they effect him, must not a degree of separation take place? Can he love me as much as before, if I exact what he cannot give willingly? And if our love grows less, what is there in all the world to compensate for its decline? Losing that, we lose all. Shut away that light, all else will lie in shadow."

So she thought, gaining sight and frame will to each in the live of self-re-

So she thought, gaining sight and firmer will to act in the line of self-re-jection whenever self interposed to hin-

love? Never before had such questions introduced themselves; never before had he found queries so difficult to answer. A deep sigh attested his disappointment in his self investigation.

"I don't know whether to be angry or grateful," he said, knitting his brows. "Is it a true or false mirror you are holding up before me? Is the spectram, growing more and more distinct, an image of myseif? I am in doubt and confusion."

"Love is a giver," answered his friend; "does not think of itself—desires only to bless. If you have so loved Margary, then she has wronged you; but if you have thought mainly of yourself, and of your own delight, then, I trow, the dear little woman was not far wrong when she called you selfish."

"The thing is certain," said Williston, speaking soberly, "that I take pleasure it giving her pleasure. Any want that she might express, I would gratify if in my power. I could not deny her anything."

"Except the denial of yourself," remarked the friend.
Their eyes met, and they looked insuland in the must cof a well-thing."

"Except the denial of yourself," remarked the friend.
Their eyes met, and they looked insuland's neck cre he had time to put his thoughts in crder, and was crying on his bosom. The fervent kisses laid as allow, ou had the money with which to buy them, her desires would be gratified."

"Can you forgive me?" she asked, in the calmness of spirit that ensued. "I am very weak, sometimes, and feeling is strong."

"If there had been no provocation of the calmness of spirit that ensued. "I am very weak, sometimes, and feeling is storing." so strong.

"If there had been no provocation of I she had a rancy for diamonds, of leeling. Willisten answered frankly, it would never have been do frestraint. The fault was mine, and not giving her possession of these things. You would let her have her own sweet the most unpleasant thing we can hear. would never have broken the band of re-It sounded very harshly in my ears, and I felt angry and rejected it; not so now

I have seen myself in a mirror."

Margary laid her fingers on his mouth, and they were silent. After a few mo-

ments, she said gently:

"We are human, and as a consequence, weak and selfish by nature. Let love teach us a better law than nature has written upon our hearts. Then, we shall draw nearer and nearer together, and the pulses of our lives, that now some-times beat unevenly, will then take the same sweet measure."

And it was so; but not at once—not ustil after many seasons of mutual re-

## A HORSE IN BATTLE.

Kinglake, in his "History of the Crimean Invasion," gives the following graphic description of a horse in battle:
"The extent to which a charger can apprehend the perils of a battle-field may be easily underrated by one who confines his observation to horses still carrying be easily underrated by one who confines is she had known about the book, and the pleasure you had promised yourself in reading to her through the evening, I am sure she would have sent a note of excuse to the Watsons, and cheerfully denied herself, for your sake, of the delights of a musical evening. But, knowing nothing of this, she lets fancy revel in the anticipation of enjoyment, and does not think, perhaps, of your lack of the other case, it was the generous hand that gave of its abundance; now it is sheer self-denial."

Williston drew a heavy sigh, moved himself restlessly, and looked down upon the floor.

"This love that we talk so much sabout," resumed the friend, "is a subtle thing, and very apt to hide from us its true quality. It is much oftener love of self, than love of the object sought. Hence we have so much unhappiness in the state of marriage, which, on the theory of mutual love, ought to be full obliss. But I am using time that cannot be spared to-day, so good morning. If Margary has done you wrong, help her to see it, and she will not only apologize for calling you selfish, but will cover your lips with penitent kisses."

The case supposed, touched the difficulty at its very core. Since Williston's marriage, he had shown himself gifted with but a feeble spirit of self-denial.

Artemus Ward had an adventure in

CHAS W. BOWMAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NUMBER 28.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

The Holt County Sentinel.

Advertising agents are informed that the above

The scientific world has not been so deeply agitated for a long time as it recently has by a discovery which was made about three weeks ago. The matter is still in an undeveloped condition, but we make mention of the discovery so far as it is at present understood. Some weeks ago Dr. W. E. Webb, of the Union Pacific railroad, and a resident of this city, observed a white substance protruding from the side of a ravine near Sheridan, Kansas. The recent heavy rains had washed the banks on either side of this ravine so much as to reveal the object which excited Dr. Webb's curiosity.

An examination resulted in the discovery of one of the most wonderful and best preserved specimens of the antedial union monsters that is known to scicovery of one of the most wonderful and best preserved specimens of the antedi-luvian monsters that is known to sci-

An examination resulted in the discovery of one of the most wonderful and best preserved specimens of the antediation of this immense fossil can be given, as it will take great labor and considerable time to so exhume it as to allow a full investigation and despeciation of it. It is a huge skeleton of the lizard species, known as the mossan of the lizard species, and in the lizard species, known as the mossan of the lizard species, and in the lizard species, and in the lizard species, and in t

Webster's base, we shall never hear or see again.

At the close of the air Mr. Webster rose with his hat in his hand, and made such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applianced to the very echo; Webster, deatermined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtesied, the house reapplanded, and this was repeated nine times, or "I'm a villain else."

I have seen Niagara and Taglioni, Mars and Malibran: I have walked through the ruins at Pæstum and the Coliseum by moonlight; crossed the Menai bridge and Thames tunnel, but never while memory lasts will this scene fade away. throughout the country, and they all pronounce it a most wonderful discov-It is not determined where the fossil will be placed when extracted; applications for it have been received from many scientific societies. It will probably be sent to the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia.

The academy proposes that should the specimen be found to be in any wise imperfect, to restore it in plaster. There

# An Army Story.

specimen be found to be in any wise imperfect, to restore it in plaster. There is a man in the employ of the Central Park, N. Y., who has been commissioned to restore the specimens which are there to their original shape by means of plaster, and when finished they will all be placed by themselves. Should any imperfection exist in the Kansas fossil it will be repaired in a similar manner, though it is not auticipated that any will be found, as from the indications so far, it is judged that the present specimen is the most perfect of any antediluvian animal which has yet been seen. "Old Captain W --- was a sterling fellow, brave, honest, and capable, and follow, brave, honest, and capable, and in truth, possessed of but one prominent fault, and that was a love of butternilk. And his affection for this beverage was the most perfect of any antediluvian animal which has yet been seen.

HOW GOOD FARMERS SAVE THEIR MONEY.

They take good papers, and read them.

They keep accounts of farm operations.

They do not learn their implements though the properties of the confederacy of the confederacy of the confederacy. W— rode up to a farm house to gratify the properties of the confederacy of the con HOW GOOD FARMERS SAVE THEIR MONEY. They do not leave their implements clasped her hands in affright, and salut-scattered over the farm exposed to rain, snow or heat.

They repair their tools and buildings

They repair their tools and buildings

They repair their tools and buildings

They repair their tools and buildings at the proper time, and do not suffer a subsequent three-fold expenditure of time and money.

They use their money judiciously and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is "cheap."

"cheap."
They see that their fences are well repaired, and their cattle are not found grazing in the meadows, or grain fields, "D-n your honor, madam, I came after buttermilk!" for a moment and then managing to re-cover a little breath he made an impa-tient gesture, and gave her this memor-

## The Old Man.

or orchards.

They do not refuse to make experiments in a small way of many new things.
They plant fruit trees well, care for them and of course get good crops.
They practice economy by giving stock good shelter during the winter, also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half-rooten or mouldy.
They do not keep tribes of cats and snarling dogs around their premises, who cat up more in a month than they are worth in a life time.
Lastly, they read the advertisements, know what is going on, and frequently save money by it. Bow low the head—do reverence to the old man, once like you. The vicissitudes of life have silvered his hair and changded the round merry face to the worn visage before you. Once the heart beat with aspiration, crushed by disappointment as yours, perhaps is destined to be. Once that form stalked promptly throthe gay scenes of pleasure, the beau idel of grace; now the hand of time that withers the flowers of yesterday, has wrapt that figure and destroyed that noble carriage. Once at your age, he pos-Bow low the head-do reverence to the wrapt that figure and destroyed that no-ble carriage. Once at your age, he pos-sessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain now wishing to ac-complish deeds equal to a nook in fame imagining like a dream that the sooner he awoke from it the better. But he has lived the dream very near at hand; his eye never kindles at the old deeds of dar-ing, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

snow what is going on, and frequently save money by it.

Successful farming is made up by attention to little things. The farmer who does it best earns his money with best appreciation, and uses it with the best results. Such men are the "salt of the earth."

"That Tarnal Stuff."

To hear Gough tell the "drugger" story, is worth a quarter at any time. The

ry, is worth a quarter at any time. The story is a capital one, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these:

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked:

"He you the drugger?"

"Well, s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Waal, hey you got any uy this 'ere seentin' stuff as the gals put on their handkerchiefs?"

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"Waal, hev you got any uv this 'ere seentin' stuff as the gals put on their handkerchiefs?"

"Waal, our Sal's gwine to be married, and she gin me ninepence and told me to invest the hull amount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you've a mind I'll just smell 'round."

The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a scentin' that will suit you. A single drop on your handkerchief will stuy for weeks, you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it, you must take a big smell."

"Is that so mister? Waal, just hold on a minute, till I get my breath, and when I say noow, you put it under my smellers."

The hartshorn of course knocked the

The hartshorn of course knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drankard does? Not he: but rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said:

"You made me smell that tarnal, everlasting' stuff, and now-l'll make you smell fire and brimstone."

Two boys, while skating on the Ship Canal at Buffalo n few days ago, saw the upturned face of a drowned man through the clear blue ice. The body was floating slowly along in the current beneath. Police officers were called, but before they reached the canal the body had passed out of sight.

The family of the Sultan of Turkey of your paper, you may know it means, numbers over 2,000, for whom 6,000 "Your time is out, and you are request-dishes are prepared daily, and served at 5,000 tables."

Whenever you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had not get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get your paper, you may know it means, no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get you see an Xo had no grad to get your subscription.

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